# श्री दरबार हाई स्कूल

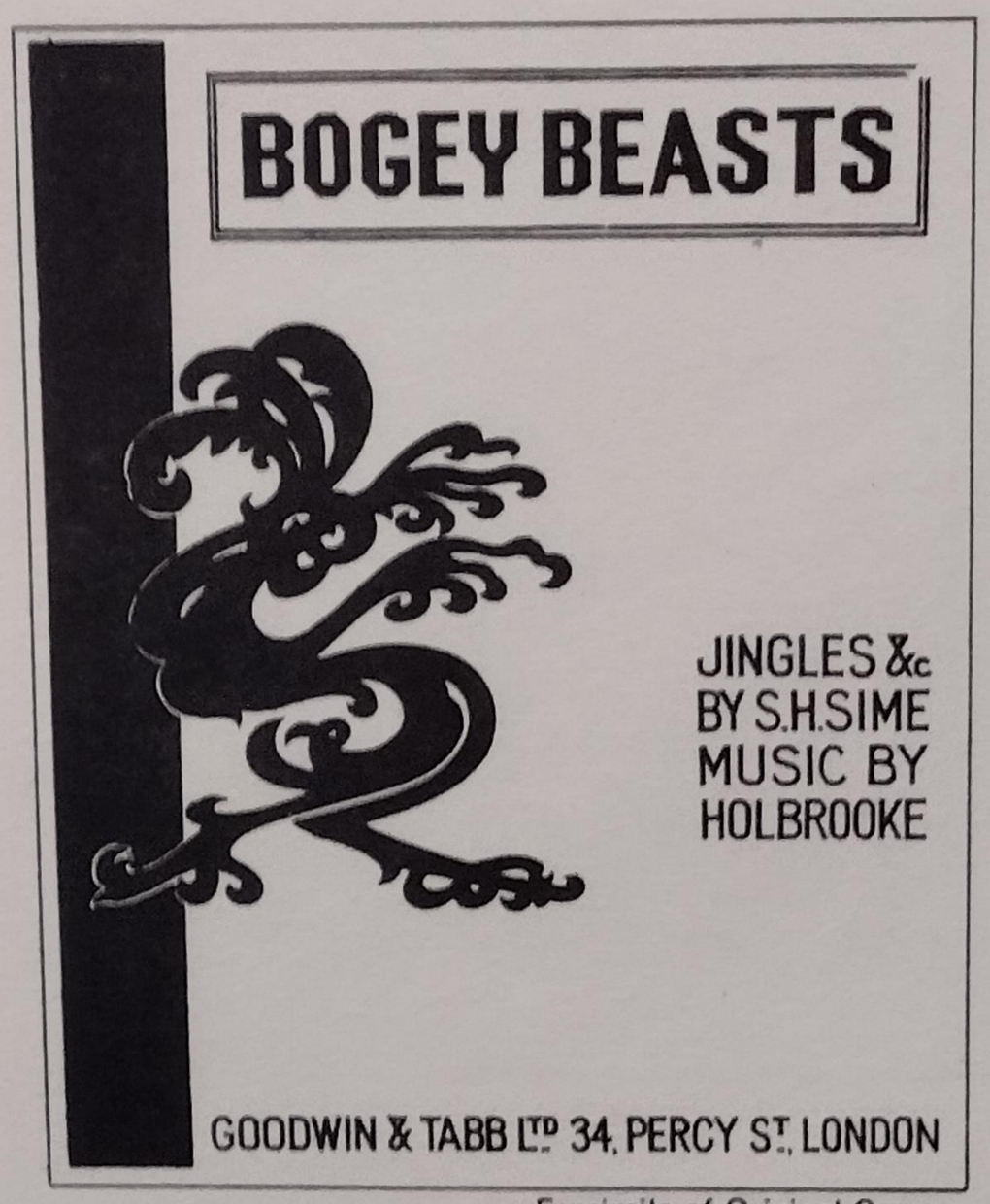
## दरबार पु. सिल्ले

## रथ

## महोत्सव

# bogey beasts

## by Sidney H. Sime




Facsimile of Original Cover

**The Purple Mouth Press, 1975**

**713 Paul Street**

**Newport News, Virginia 23605**

New Cover Design by PAUL NOVITSKI

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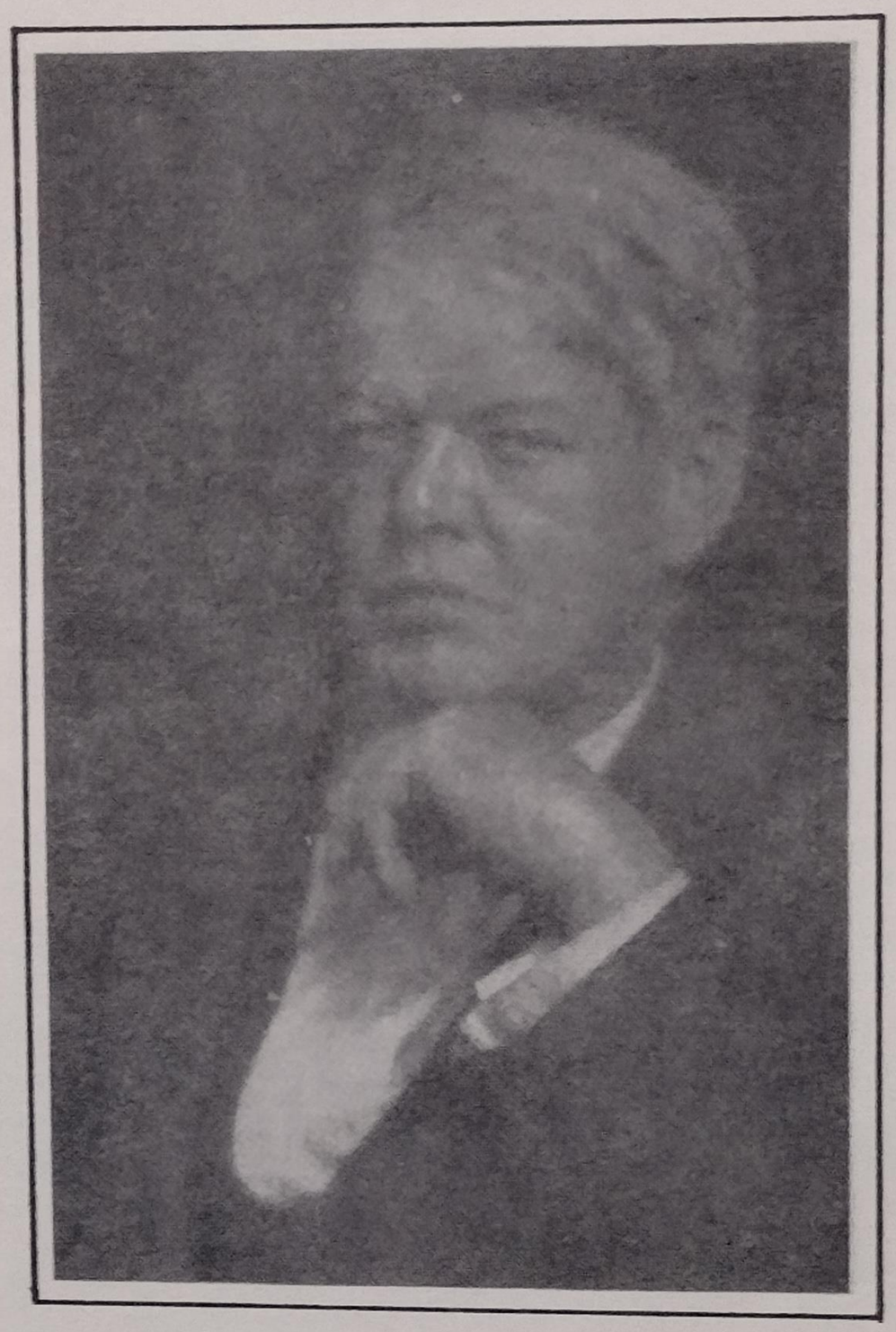
Joseph Allen Hyde



Sidney H. Sime.

# *PREFACE*

## *by "The Nunk"*

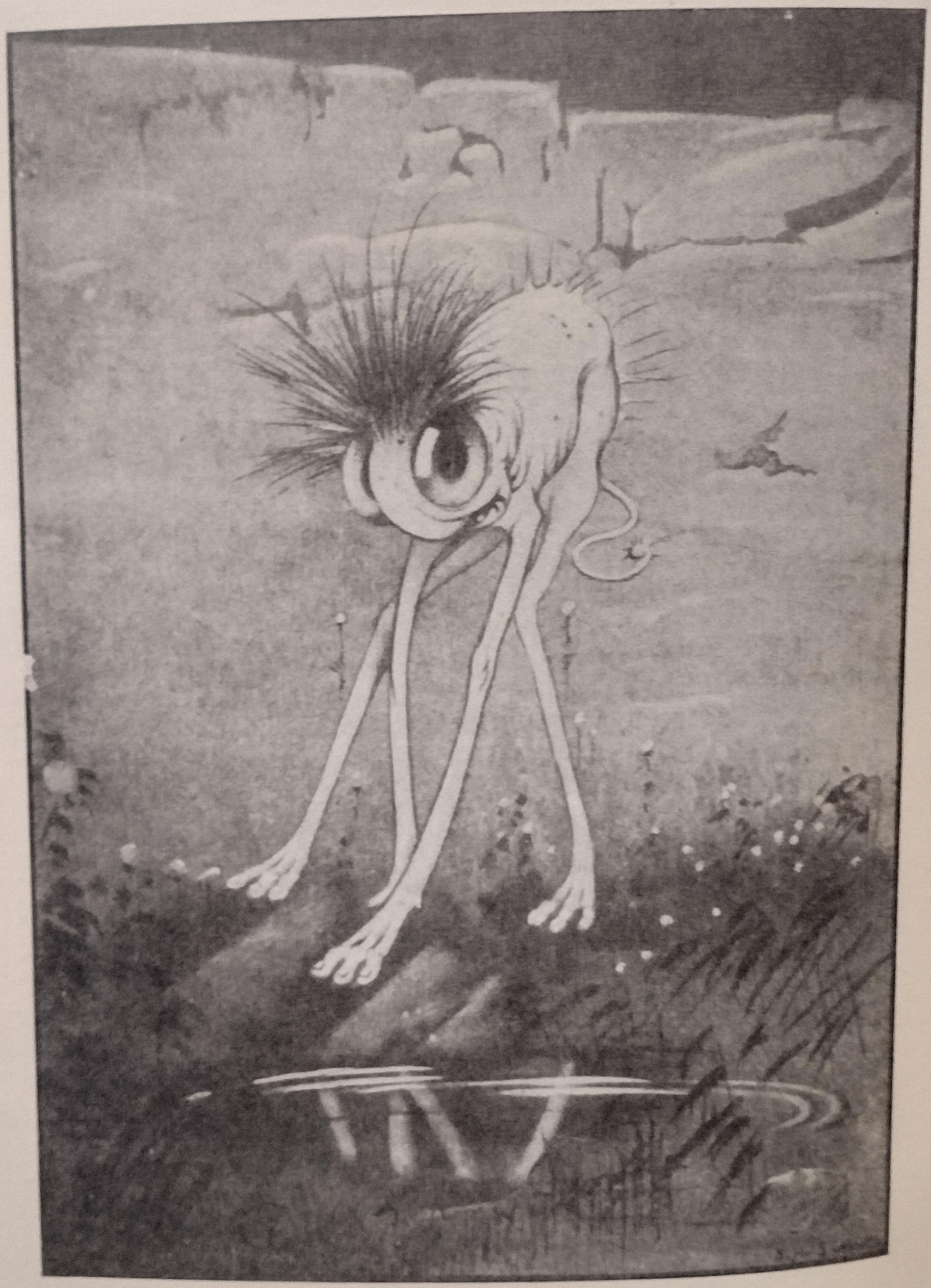
*During a mixed Hob & Nob of our fraternity, the "Moonijim" presiding sufficiently in The High Seat, it was inconsiderately moved put and carried that this totally and irredeemably inadequate member: on the bald assumption that the identical hair of wisdom grew luxuriantly from his lethargic cortex: be ordered to spell out words of panegyrical ecstacy suggestive of corybantic dithyramboides suitable for prefacing this dubious book.*

*Even so is the habit of cloggëd silence always fraudulently misrepresented and the bashful afflicted with vertigo. Exultation in the rosy view of succesful eulogy does not irradiate this ones inside places. Now had one only been consulted in the beginning whenever that was – a person might with no excessive diffidence, a negligible person, might, I say, have added some spice of real nonsense to the matter: struck, with spontaneous abandon, a wilder note to galvanise this sulky and pedestrian versifier to delirious antic sallies: but the book is not mine.*

*'The Seekim" vexatiously insists that nothing is anybody's, but a mere legacy from necessitated ghosts. My very nose, he says, with no undue pride, was bestowed on me by my insufficently extolled ancestors; and they also persistenly do their rampageous thinking in my long suffering insides in spite of mere me. Things come into my unsuspecting head that would make a monkey blush – but everyone knows what nonsense ghosts do gabble.*

*Then is the sternly critical eye glowering over this ephemeral page a great-great Grandfathers optic?*
*However that may be, it is said by the knowing ones that every thing that has arrived at thingness - even the subtle minded and enlightened reader-nurses in it's profound depths a giddy radiance, a splendour of peculiar virtue and ineffable worth of its very own, of which it is at all times fondly conscious, but of which a callous obstructive and preoccupied universe is totally oblivious.*
*But never-the-less let the insufferable miscreant who made these pictures "look out."-When he retires inwards at the hour of unpeeling, stepping noiselessly with excessive caution down the steep stairway to the subconscious regions he will meet a rabble of infuriated ghosts, jabbering for vengeance on the reckless hanky-panky in this treatment of their fond manifestations. My own lacerated feelings are somewhat mollified by keeping a shuddering silence on the retributive tortures to be bestowed by meticulous experts - let imagination thrice barb the destined dart.*
*'The Zoom" politely refused to expand his esteemed opinion of the musical notes which adhere to some of these pages, fitted together by a fully licensed and certificated person who specializes in this dark pastime. He (The Zoom) tolerates no music but his own, he speaks with courteously suppressed arrogance and contempt of all extraneous sounds: his own idiosyncrasy of extemporaneous improvisation being the A and the O. "There is no bad music," he admits; "there is only music and not music - mine and the others"..... So thats that.*

*"THE NUNK"*



CAUSH

# The Caush.

*Go!*
*Hunt*
*Through Muspelheim*
*Or Singsuhay,—*
*Down the blue caverns of*
*Gununga Gap.—*
*The Dreamy*
*Glens of Zoarcam*
*Survey—*
*The Postern Gate*
*Of Ghoulish Thabek*
*Tap—*
*Seek out*
*The Poison Pools*
*Of Dark Taboo—*
*Or pierce the Mogul Forest*
*Dank*
*And Sere,*
*Follow*
*The Wanderings of*
*The Famous Jew.—*
*The Wily Caush*
*You will not see*
*Or hear.*
*Ask Wulliewastle*
*Of the Pimply Hill—*
*Call*
*To the Takivins*
*Or Shewri-while—*
*Or speak to Jak*
*And mention it*
*To Jill—*
*Pray*
*To the Ibis*
*To the Crocodile—*
*Ask Rookenaw*
*Or ask Mo-akki-pat*
*Cotyth ask,*
*Or Zal*
*The wondrous Bird*
*Or Billywix,*
*Or Zig*
*Or Mang the Bat.*
*Yet of the Caush*
*You will not glean*
*A word.*
*Nor*
*In the Spicy Glades*
*Of Jinni-stan.*
*Nor where Abaddon*
*Preens*
*His murky wing*
*Nor on the awful Trail*
*The Yeth Hound*
*Ran;*
*Will you find*
*Footmarks*
*Of that Furtive Thing.*
*But*
*Where the Donkeys Obsequies*
*THEY chant*
*Down where THEY bury Ned*
*With Runic Rite*
*Lo!*
*You may spy*
*His shy*
*Eye,*
*Corposant,*
*Wink*
*In the Murky Purpleness*
*Of Night.*

# No. 1.

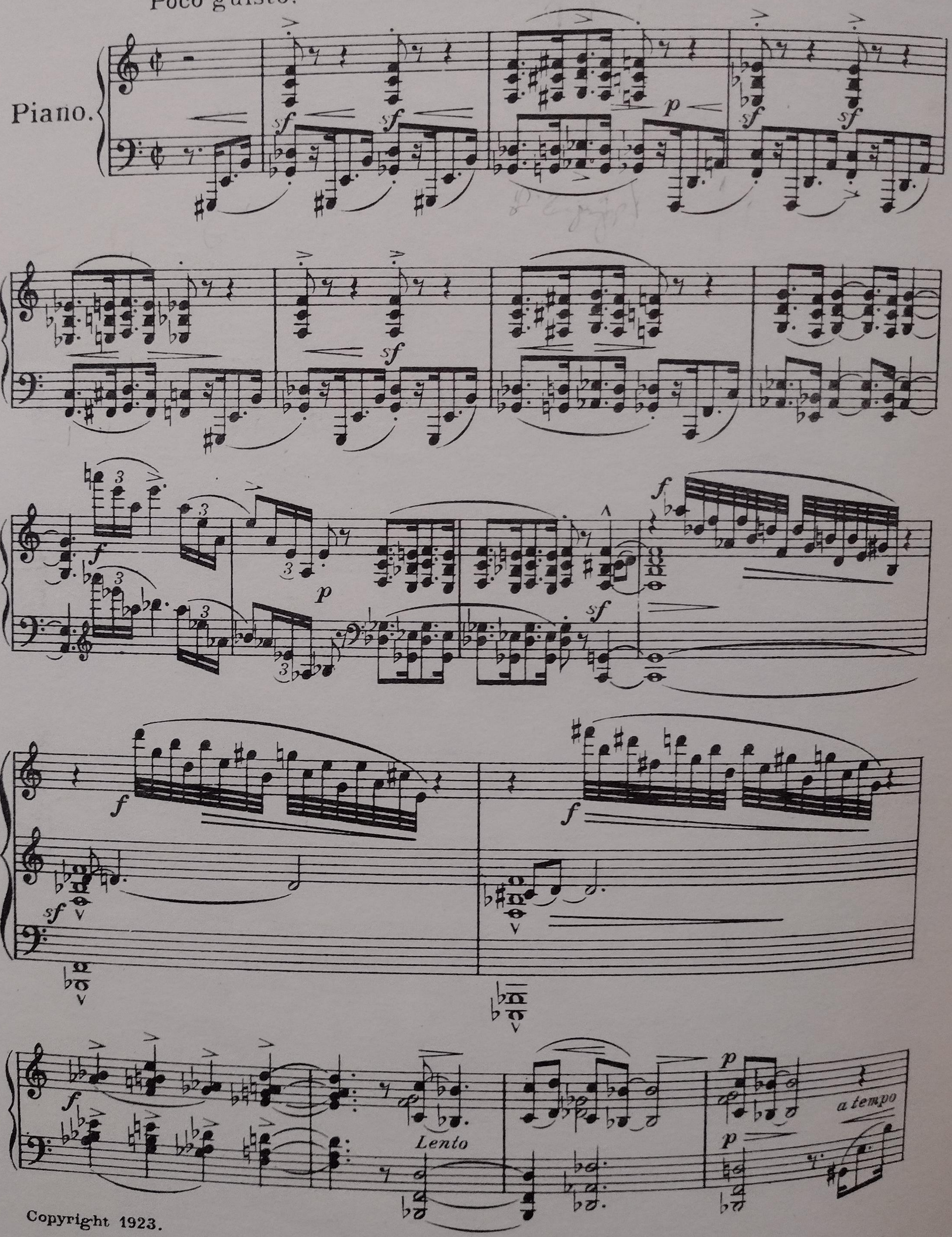
# The Caush.

"They chant down where they bury Ned, with Runic Rite."

HOLBROOKE.

Poco guisto.

Piano.




Copyright 1923.

sf

p

f

rit.

Lento

fff

sf

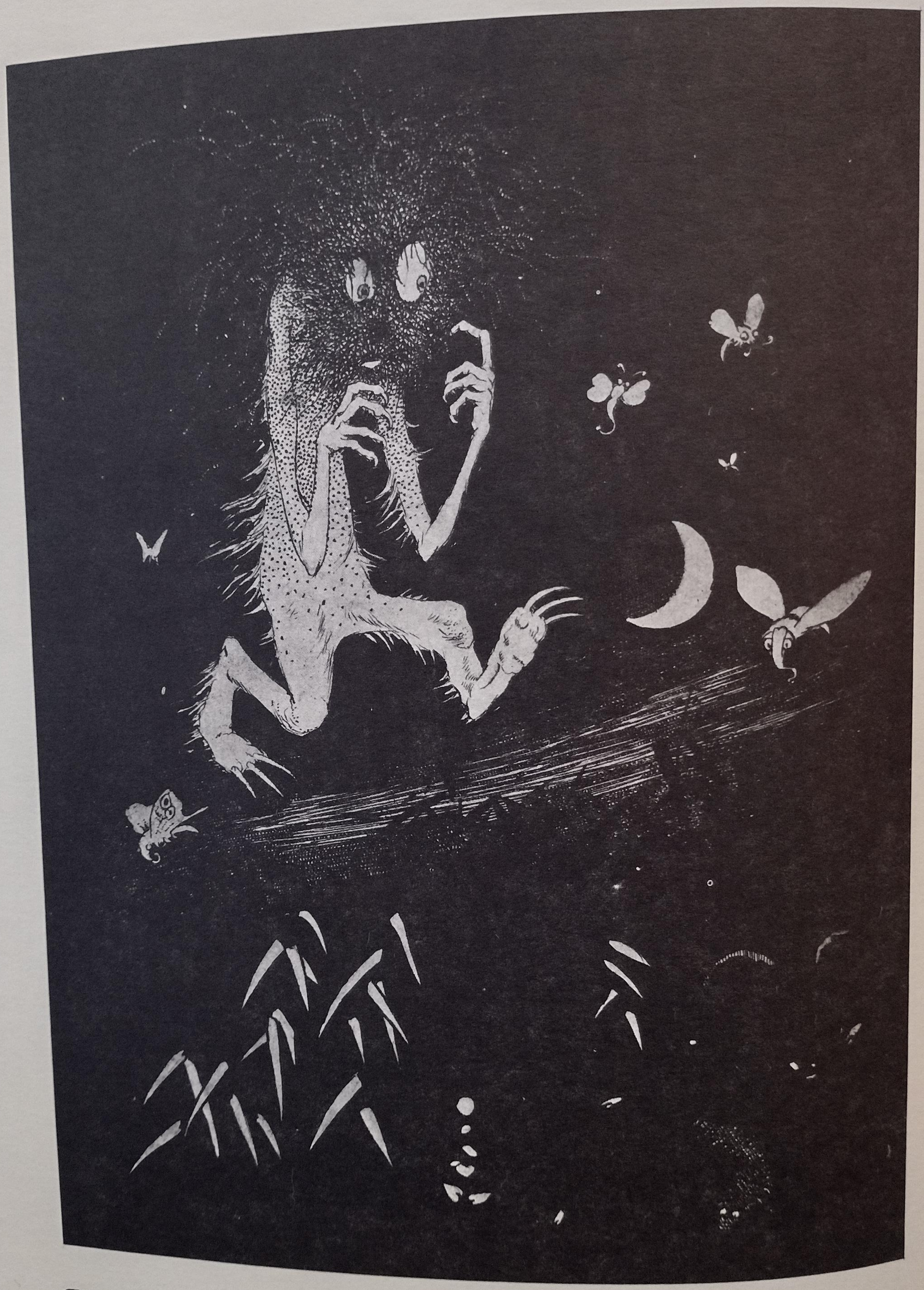
sf

sf

ppos

pp

dim.



SEEKIM

# The Seekim.

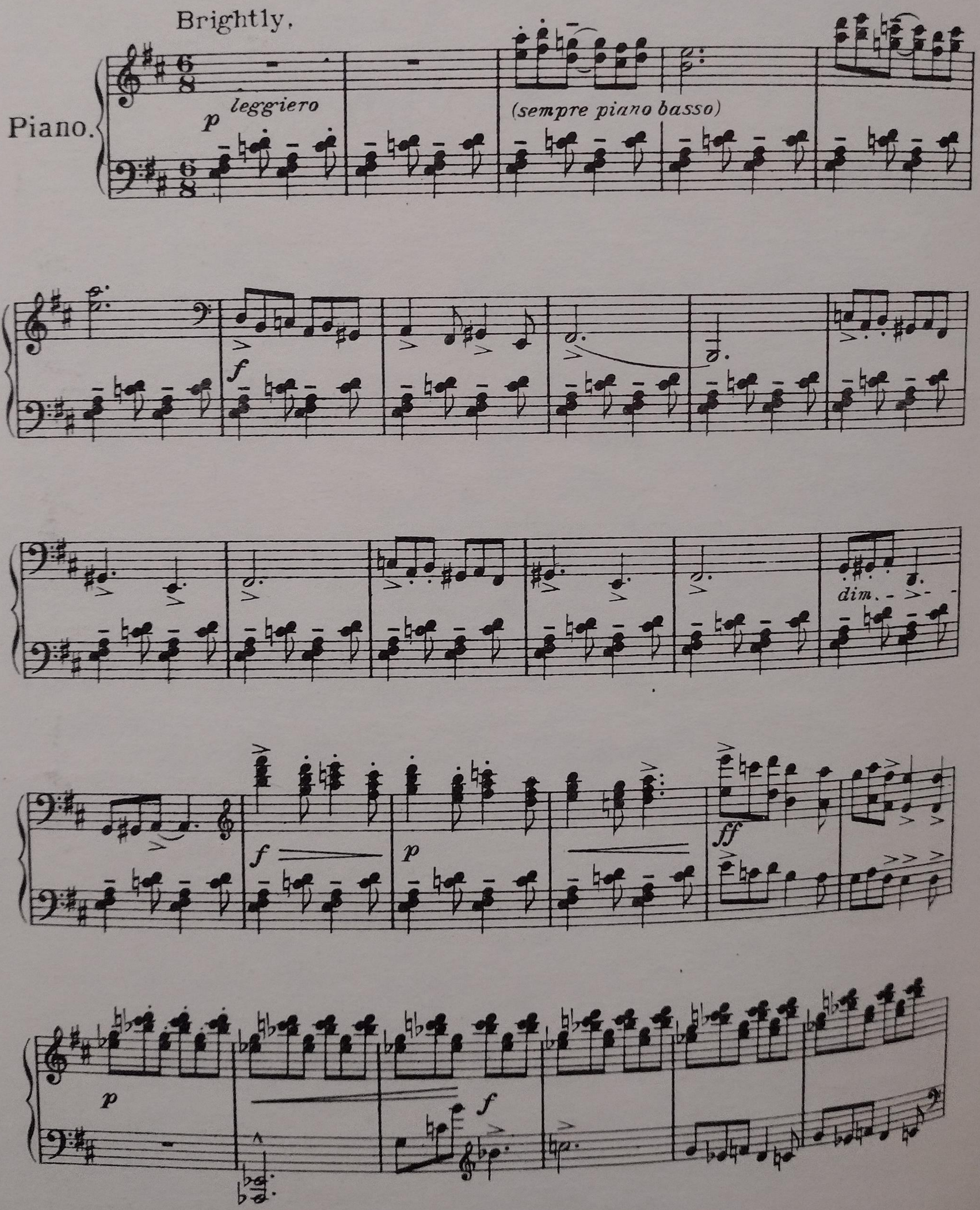
*The Seekim*
*May seek*
*What he wants*
*When he knows*
*What*
*He aimlessly*
*Seeks,*
*But*
*Any old Quest*
*Is followed with*
*Zest,*
*And keeps him*
*Demented*
*For weeks.*
*The Seekim will know*
*What*
*He lacks*
*When he*
*Finds that he lacks*
*What he knows;*
*But taking of stock*
*Would give him a*
*Shock,*
*And add*
*To the weight of*
*His woes.*

*And if*
*He should guess*
*What*
*He fears*
*He'd fear*
*Any further to guess,*
*And pull down*
*The blind*
*In front*
*Of his mind;*
*To cover*
*His*
*Mental distress*
*The Seekim*
*Will*
*Slacken his pace*
*When he learns it is silly*
*To fuss*
*He'll follow*
*His toes*
*Where every toe*
*Goes:*
*He seems*
*To be somewhat like*
*Us.*

# No. 2.

# The Seekim.

"Any old quest is followed with yest
and keeps him demented for weeks."



cresc.

*f*

*ff*

*mp*

*pp*

cresc.

*f*

*ff*

8va basso

WILY GRASSER

# The Wily Grasser.

*Once I saw*
*The Grasser*
*Sit,*
*Where*
*The Wuffle Wood*
*Leaves a lot*
*And Barks*
*A Bit,*
*Like a grown wood should.*
*Said he—*
*With an air*
*Of doubt—*
*Can you tell me true*
*Tell me*
*When the light goes out*
*Where*
*It goes out to?*
*Tell*
*Oh tell me*
*What the Days*
*Change to*
*When they're done,*
*Tell me*
*Where tomorrow stays*
*While*
*It's unbegun.*
*Will you tell me*
*If you know,*
*For my soul it grieves;*
*Why the trees*
*Do alway grow*
*Leaves*
*And leaves*
*And leaves?*
*Do you think*
*That one*
*Might make*
*Trees*
*Within this copse*
*Sprout*
*Sometimes with Buns*
*And Cake*
*Bottled Bass*
*And Chops?*
*Do you think that*
*They might grow*
*Feet*
*Instead of roots*
*Oh!*
*To see the Mistle-Toe*
*Gad about*
*In boots!*
*He did not wait*
*To hear*
*My mind—*
*I*
*Did not speak*
*To him—*
*For he capered*
*Down the wind*
*Through the woodways dim.*

# No 3.

# The Wily Grasser.

He keeps the 4th dimension in a Cinch!
He has the tails of those Kilkenny Cats,
Which fought their famous fight to the last inch!

p

f ffz

pp a tempo primo

cresc.

ff

p

cresc.

ff

CORROBBOBL

# The Gorobobble.

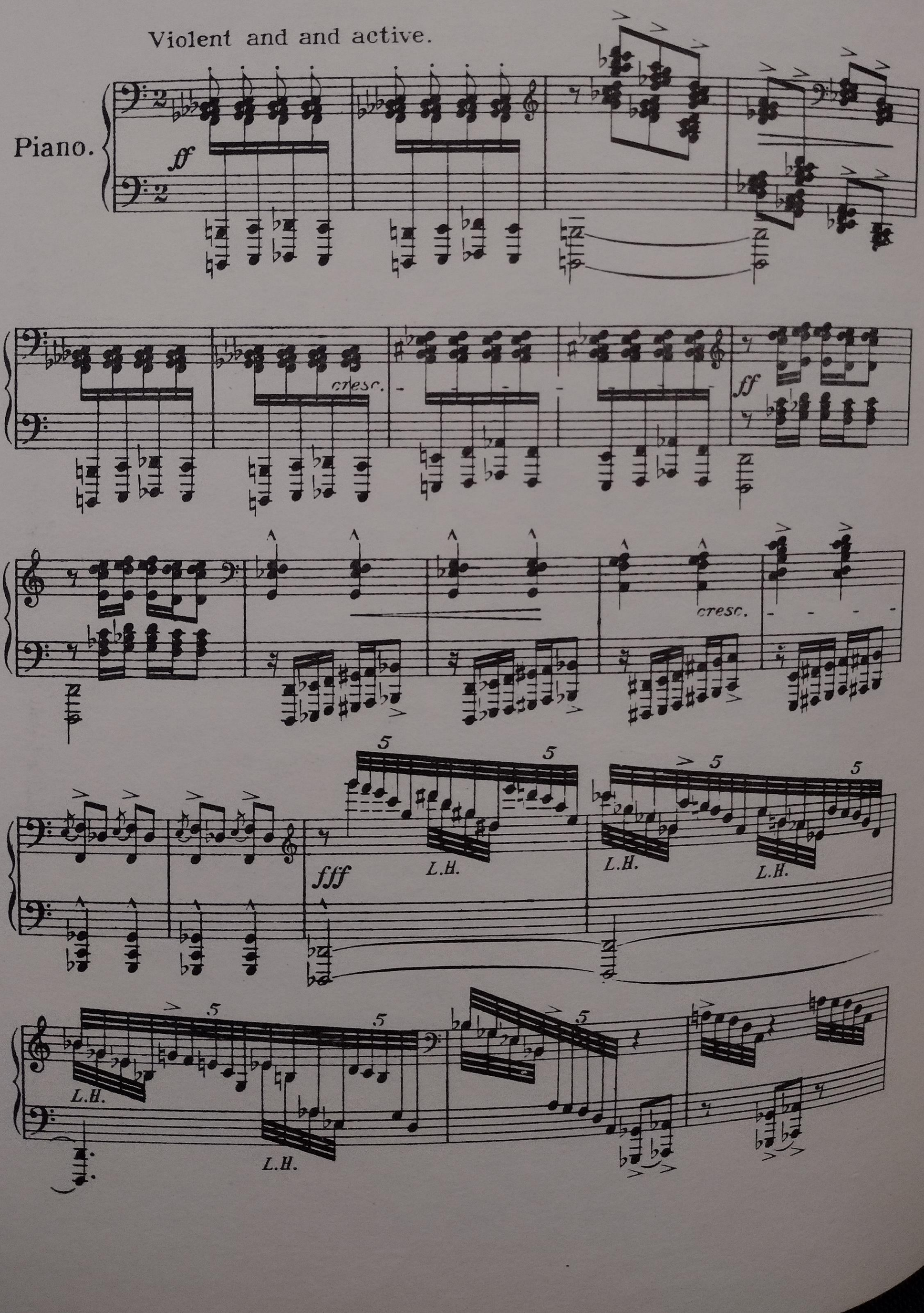
*Large lumps of landscape*
*Untidy out of repair and greasy*
*The wind vexed and uneasy*
*On the left hand side*
*Of Badmansland.*
*The forlorn*
*Ghost of the Hooboo*
*Whimpers in the glimmering*
*Gleaming*
*Of the gloaming.*
*No less.*
*But more vexed and disgruntled*
*In its grimly grousing*
*Roves the unrivalled Gorobobble*
*Horn-mad says the Troll*
*Or up the blinking pole.*
*Podargie thinks it has eaten*
*The insane root*
*And the Fruit*
*Of the Pale Flower*
*Of Samarcand.*
*And Blue Lapland roseleaves.*
*The Gaffer at the Tavern,*
*In the Forest of Gnomes*
*Where the whispering Toadstools*
*Dance in the shadow of*
*The Upas Tree,*
*He says to me —*
*Say he —*
*It is just pretending.*
*But the Pale Maylily Maid*
*Affirms that it is said*
*By a highly respectable neighbour*
*Across the way:*
*That it got a savage bite*
*All at the dead of night*
*From the tooth of the Pewking Pewt*
*Counting beans by rote*
*In the caverns remote*
*Of the Shadderjax.*
*And quite enough, she cried,*
*Indignantly Hectic,*
*To make anybody angry.*
*Professor Cherie,*
*L.B.W. F.O.B. N.B.G.*
*In glass armour cap-a-pee*
*Sailed away to sea*
*In the Spiridean Frigate*
*The nine-decker*
*To explore the sloppy*
*Shores of Chop Suey.*
*Where they chew the Poppy.*
*Gorobobble instigated*
*The Deep Sea-spider*
*To rope the rolling keel*
*In the Doldrums.*
*And sent the Natter Jack*
*With the mad apples*
*Which ossified the Pineal*
*Gland*
*Of the Skipper.*
*Gorobb is closely sib*
*To Gullinbursti*
*The tusky one.*
*Born in the clouded city*
*Built by cuckoos.*
*Exiled at an early age*
*For licking salt*
*Off of the declivitous heights of*
*The shivering Volcanoes*
*Of Eilean Shona.*
*For sticking maggots in the amber*
*Cliff.*
*For choking with malice prepense*
*The Hybernaculum*
*With Star-Dust.*
*He is deaf*
*As was the eloquent Ass*
*To the voice*
*Of Apollo*
*And thinks with an Abacus.*

# No 4.

# The Gorobobble.

Over the plains of Badmansland on the left-hand side — where the forlorn ghost of the Hooboo whimpers in the glooming;— roves the unrivalled Gorobble in it's wrath.

Violent and and active.



dim.

ff

f

p

f

p

fff

fff accel.

ad lib.

OOP OOP

# The Oop Oop.

*Do Cows*
*Get bored with chewing*
*Grass*
*And sick*
*Of seeing green,*
*And wish that they*
*Were as*
*The Ass—*
*Inedible*
*And lean?*
*And doth*
*The weary Oop Oop*
*Yawn?*
*Loathing*
*His barren lot,*
*And wish*
*That he had not been born*
*On such*
*A blighted spot?*
*For*
*Round the Pole*
*Which Odin stuck*
*In lands which always freeze*
*Hyperboreans*
*Curse their luck*
*Dancing*
*Like restless fleas,*
*And rage*
*To think of men*
*Who pass*
*Luxurious lives*
*Serene*
*Mid fire*
*And water*
*Food*
*And gas*
*In Barnes,*
*Or*
*Bethnal green.*
*Yet these ambitious beings*
*Would*
*Quit*
*Their voluptuous ease*
*To wander*
*In the Pathless Wood,*
*Or sail*
*The liquid Seas.*
*But*
*All will find,*
*Where'er they roam*
*Whatever else they strike-*
*That*
*Though they may not like*
*Their Home*
*Their Home*
*Is*
*What they like.*

# No 5.

# The Oop Oop.

"And rage to think of men who pass
Luxurious lives serene
Mid fire and water food and gas
In Barnes or Bethnal green."

With much spirit.

Piano.

*f*

*p*

*p*

*f*

*ffz*

*p*

*pp*

*8va basso*

*f*

*p*

*f*

*stacc.*

*p non legato*

*f Presto*

*sf*

*sf*

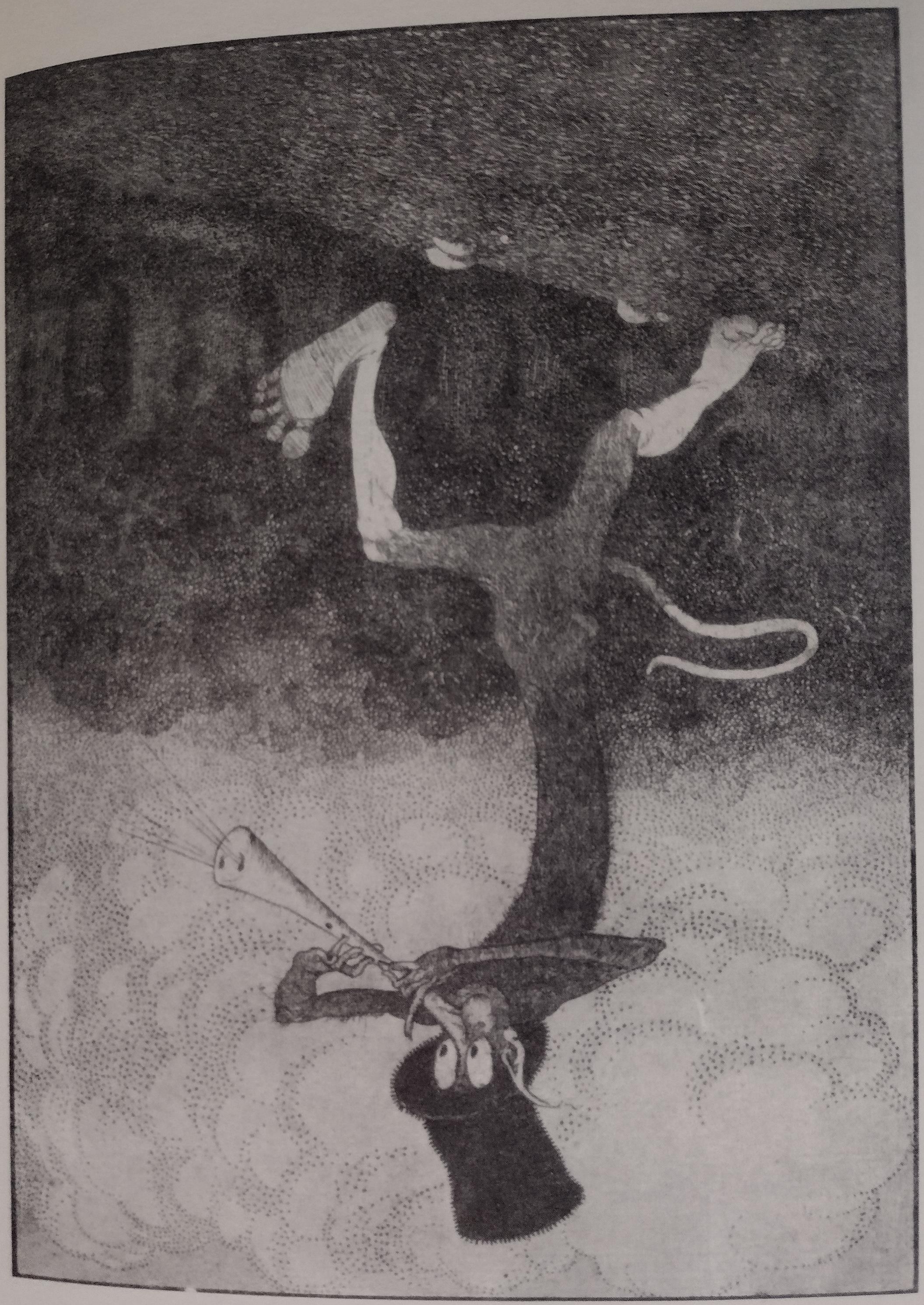
*ad lib.*

*ad lib.*

*ff*

*accel.*

wooz



# The Zoom.

*I don't know*
*Any noise*
*That I would rather hear*
*Than His,*
*The Zoom's,*
*Because*
*He joys*
*In music*
*With a noise-consuming*
*Gear*
*Y-wis.*
*Heard melodies*
*Are sweet,*
*THEY say,*
*But*
*Those unheard*
*Are what,*
*THEY call,*
*A perfect treat*
*And*
*Over every other kind*
*Perferred*
*A lot.*
*Beyond vast heaps*
*Of time*
*Outside the vulgar sense*
*Perdie!*
*A Forest lies*
*Sublime*
*Forever ranging*
*Through its groves*
*Immense*
*Is He.*
*There*
*Faded shadows lurk,*
*And there*
*The mouldy sin*
*Doth rot:*
*The Doom Ring*
*Does its work:*
*And ancient curses*
*Banned by Time*
*Are in*
*That spot.*
*I don't know*
*Anywhere*
*I would not rather*
*Roam,*
*And so—*
*I do not seek*
*His lair.*
*And would I keep*
*A Zoom*
*Myself*
*At Home?*
*Oh! no.*

# No. 6.

# The Zoom.

I don't know any noise
That I would rather hear than his,
In music with a noise con-suming
Y-sar Y-wis.

Vivo.

Piano.

More lively still.

*f*

*dim.*

*marc.*

*p sonore cresc.*

*f*

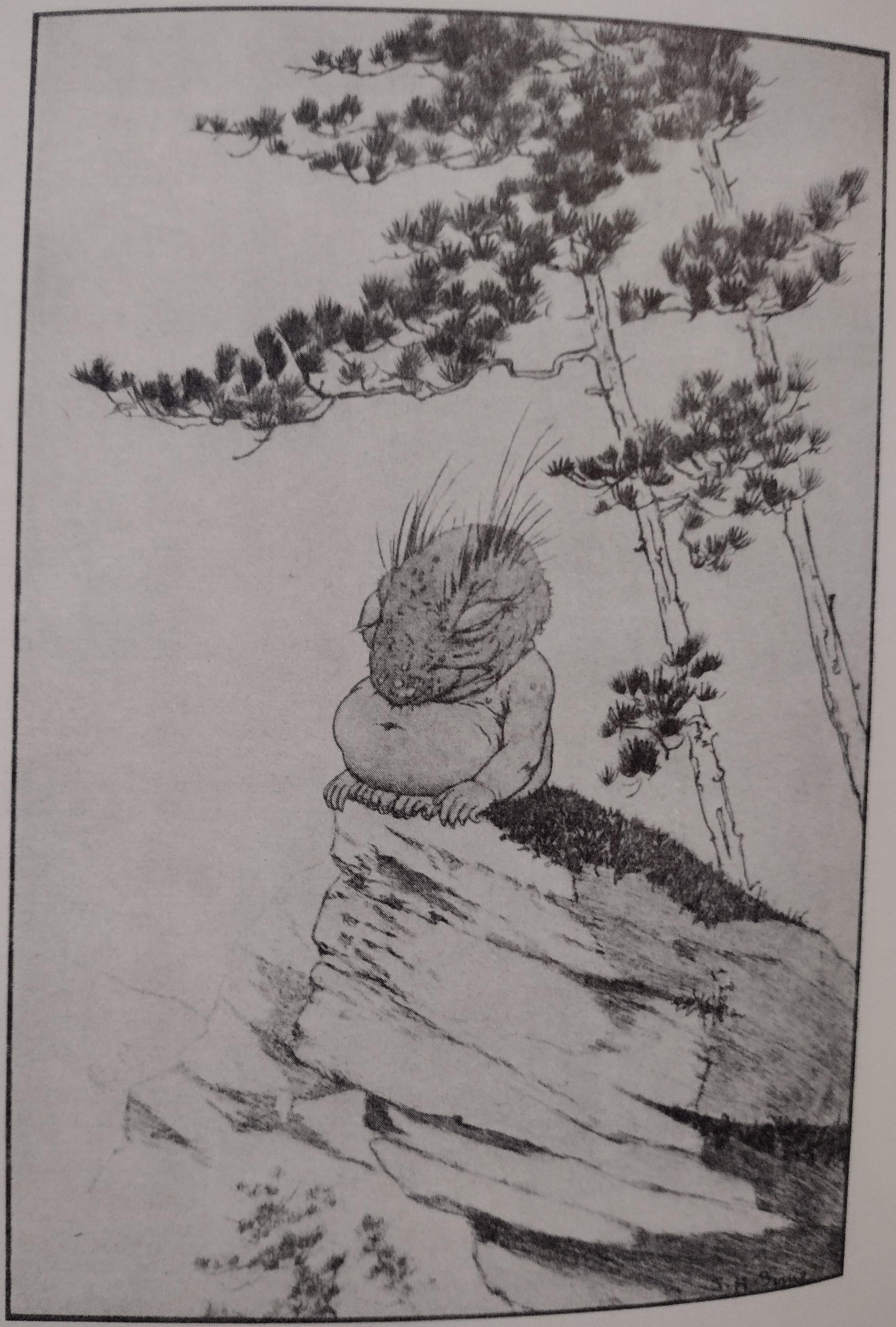
*p*

*f*

*p*

*rit e più dim.*

*pp*



NUNK

# The Nunk.

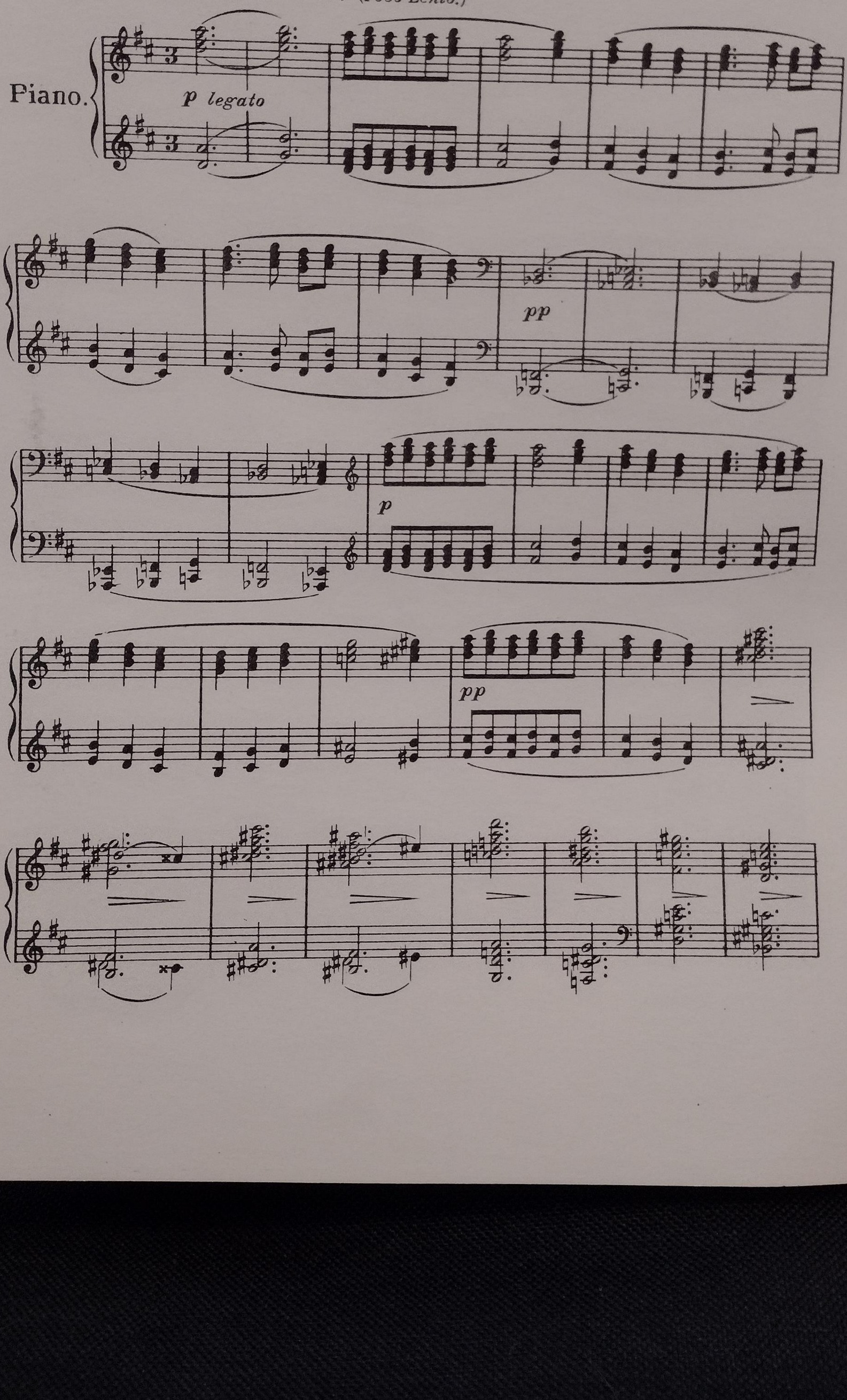
*The Nunk*
*Says—*
*Here I'll sit,*
*Sufficient occupation,*
*So long*
*As I have wit*
*To value*
*Contemplation.*
*Let others obfuscate*
*The things*
*That should be clear;*
*And let them*
*Ululate*
*For all their world*
*To hear.*
*And*
*Let them talk*
*And brag,*
*Obese*
*With ostentation*
*Or wave*
*Their Parish Flag,*
*For*
*Self glorification.*
*What is your label*
*Friend?*
*Says he*
*To passers by*
*What Fake*
*Do you*
*Pretend?*
*How is your*
*Weather eye?*
*The Nunk says—*
*Let me sit,*
*Sufficient occupation*
*As long as I have*
*Wit*
*To live*
*In contemplation.*

# No 7.

# The Nunk.

And let them talk and brag
Here with
The Knut says "Let me sit"
Sufficient occupation
As long as I have art
To live in contemplation.

In solemn wise. (*Poco Lento.*)



p

pp

legato

p

f

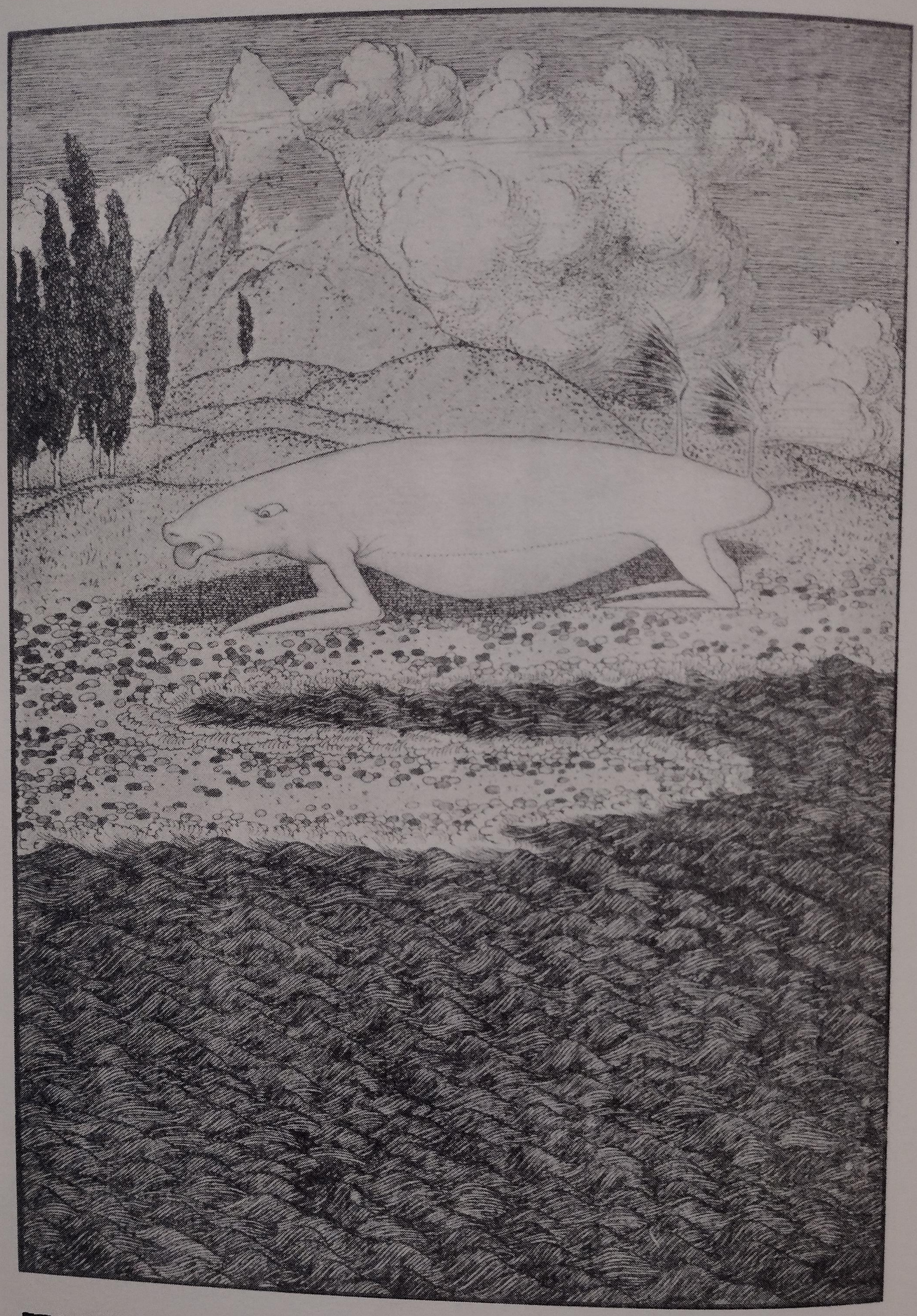
rit.

Much slower.

pp

dim.

ppp



TWO TAIL SOGG

# The Two-Tailed Sogg.

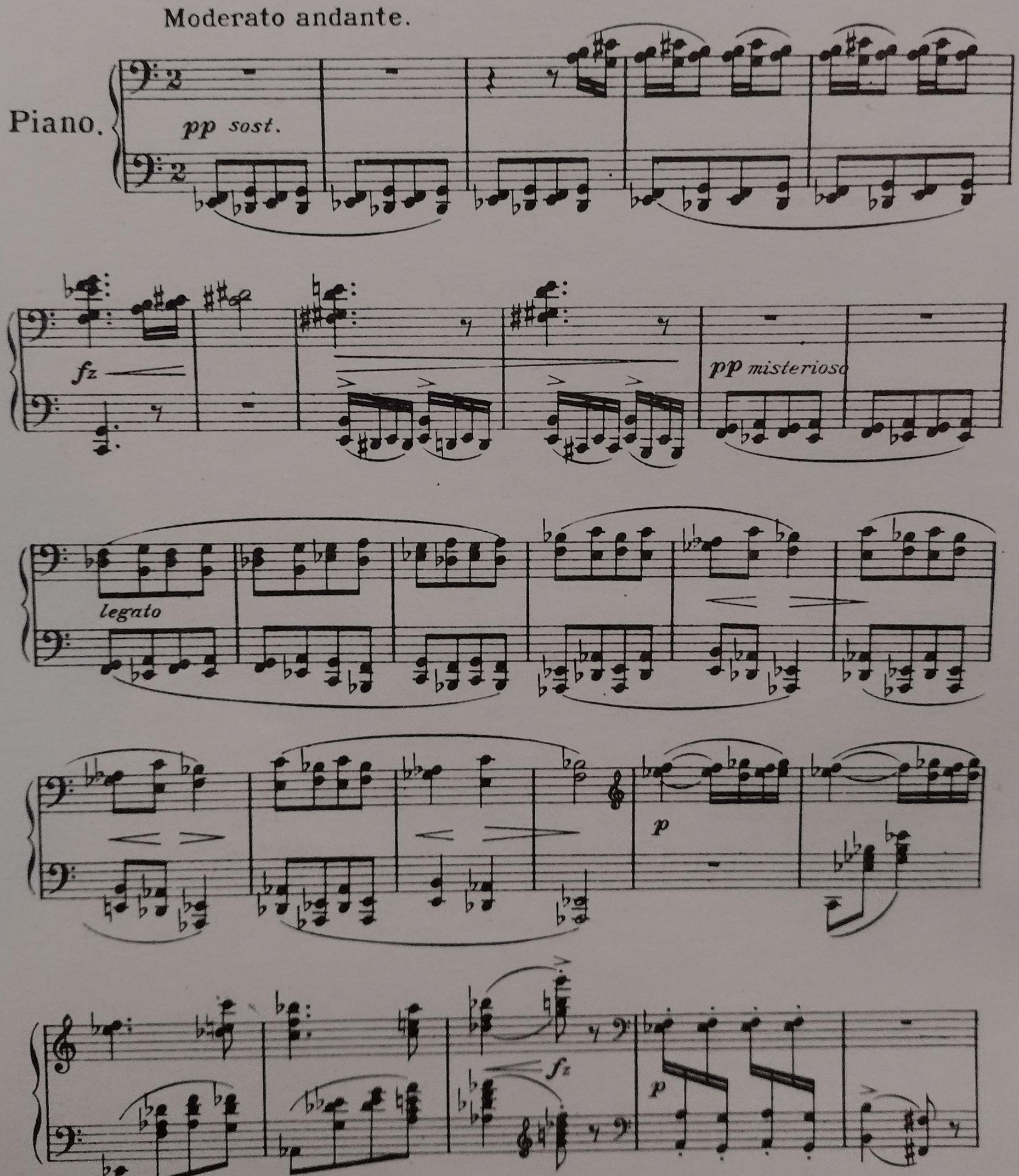
*There are*
*Regions*
*Of Fancy*
*Remote,*
*Where the Sogg*
*Has a mind*
*To remain*
*But a Phantom*
*And care*
*Not a fig,*
*For*
*He knows*
*His ineffable luck,*
*He has heard what we do*
*To the Duck*
*And*
*He knows*
*Of the fate*
*Of the Pig,*
*And that change*
*Would be simply insane*
*So he chooses to*
*Dreamily*
*Gloat*
*In*
*The Regions of Fancy*
*Remote.*
*Ah! if beggars*
*Were choosers —*
*We might*
*Turn old Time*
*On*
*A long travel*
*Back,*
*Till he found us*
*A similar*
*Rest*
*In the notion that woke us*
*To birth.*
*When*
*We find that the game*
*Is not worth*
*All the reckless*
*Expense*
*Of our best,*
*And*
*It wins not*
*The treasure*
*We lack.*
*Far*
*And fast*
*We would hurry*
*Our flight —*
*If but beggars were choosers —*
*We might.*
*There are nine*
*Breezes*
*Perfume the Sea,*
*In*
*Those Regions*
*Of Fancy*
*Remote;*
*And the Lily-white Hand*
*Of Romance*
*Beckons*
*On to that Far-Land*
*Of Dreams.*
*But*
*A Slave in the City*
*Of Schemes,*
*Can but envy the Sogg*
*Of his chance*
*To remain*
*Just to dream*
*And to Gloat,*
*By*
*The shores of the Bright Faërie*
*Where the Nine Breezes*
*Perfume*
*The Sea.*

# Nº 8.

# The Two-Tailed Sogg.

"Ah! If beggars were choosers?"

Moderato andante.



pp

sf p sf p sf p p

fffz f sf p sf

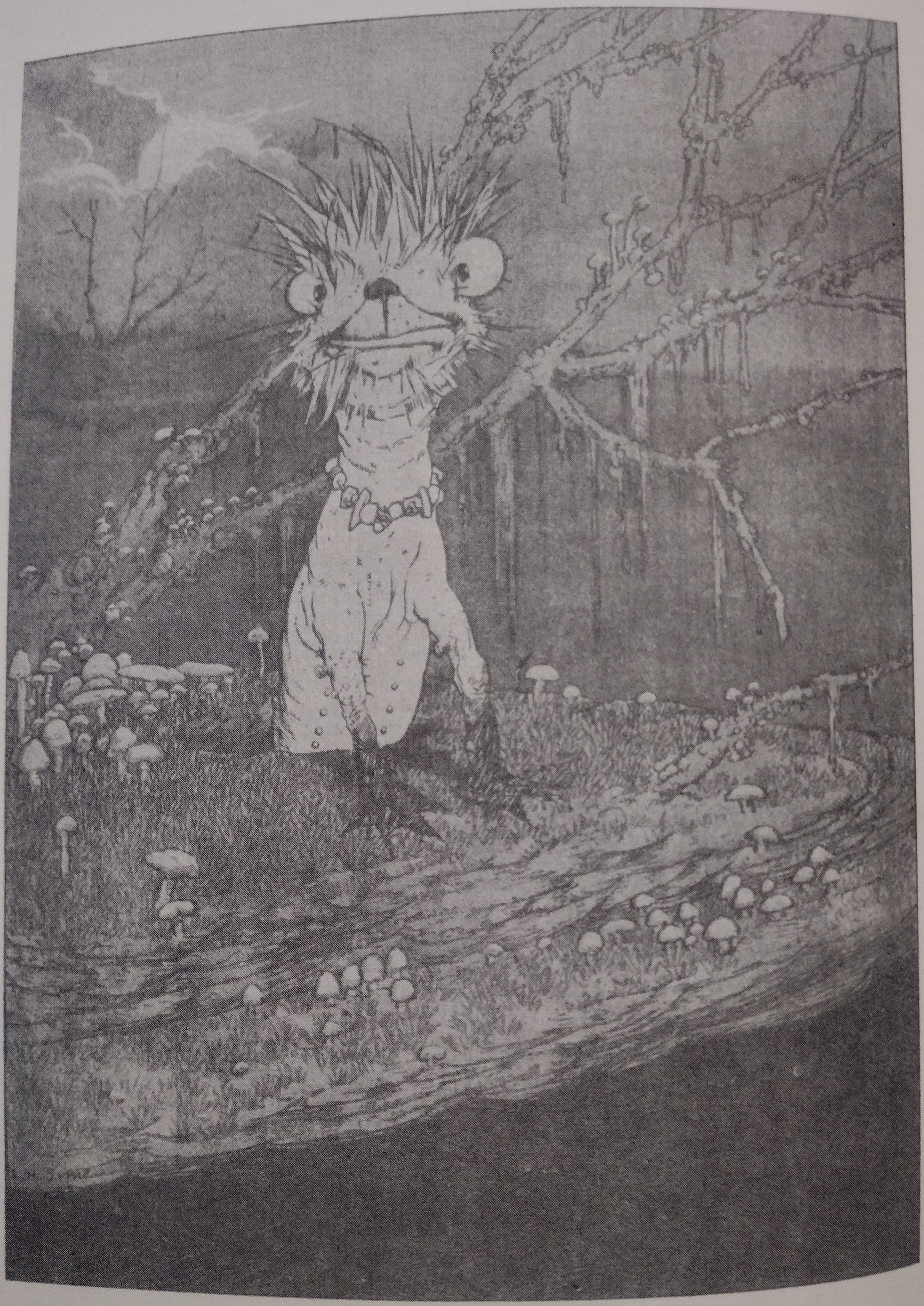
8va basso

p fz p pp

ff p

mf dim.

rit.



IFFYSOROS

# The Iffysaurus.

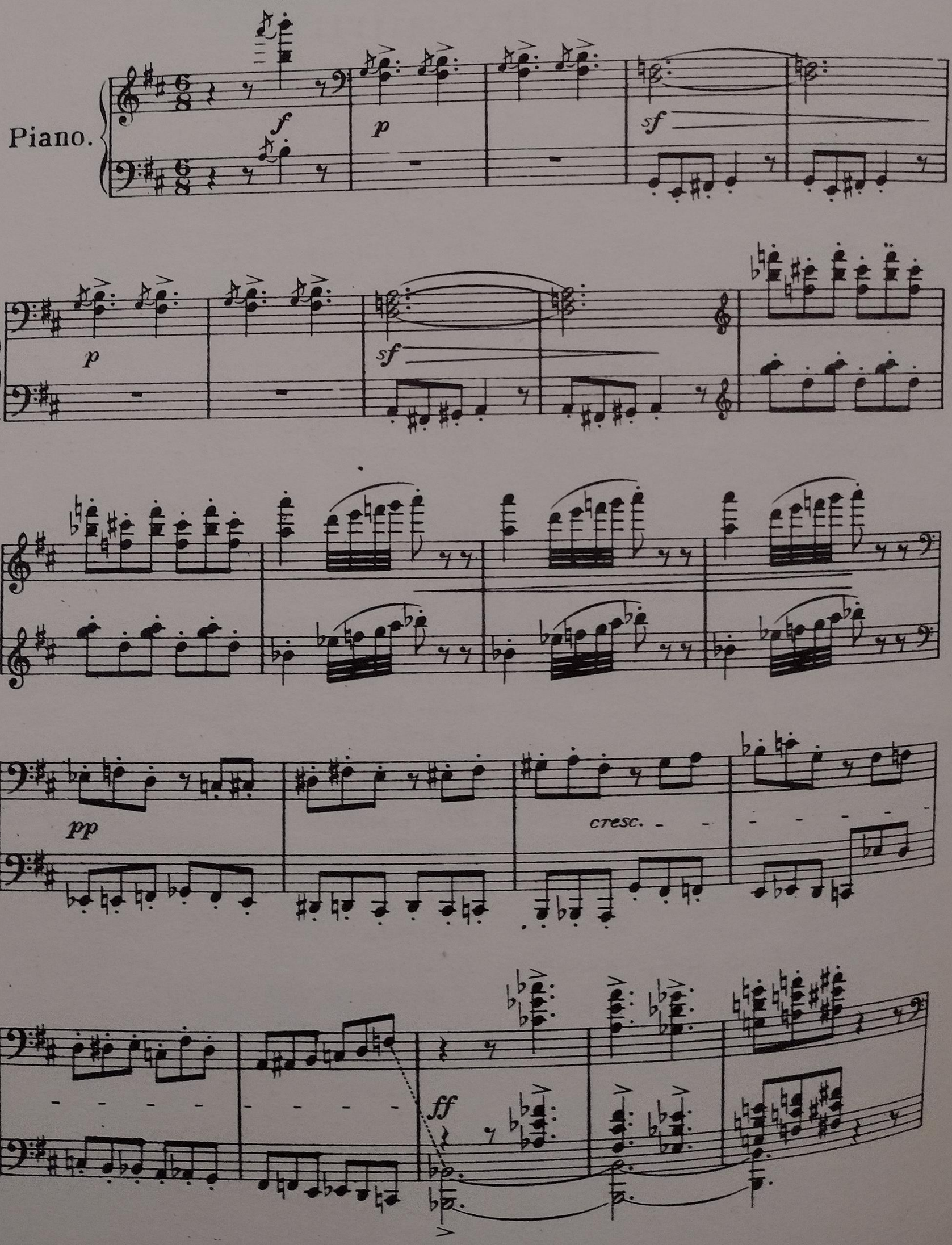
*A Bantling*
*Of the Pit-a-Pat,*
*In need of his five wits*
*Is he;*
*For Sniffatit the Chawsome Cat*
*Makes life*
*A gaunt anxiety.*
*It worries*
*All*
*With tooth and claw,*
*Forever chasing things*
*To chaw.*
*But should*
*The Bulls-eye glare*
*On high,*
*What time the Toadstone gleam*
*Below;*
*The Iffysaurus then may ply*
*His craft*
*Immune*
*From every foe.*
*He hopes*
*To fake a Magic Bomb*
*And put the Kibosh*
*On the Tom.*
*His mind he feeds*
*With mysterie,*
*With magic spells*
*With artful stunts*
*For wicked lore and grammarye*
*Deep*
*In the Kabbala*
*He hunts.*
*The sleepless curse*
*I know not why*
*He put*
*On Moonijimmies eye.*
*He stimulates his*
*Parlous brain—*
*And gains*
*An intellectual range*
*Equal*
*To almost any strain—*
*By feeding on a diet*
*Strange*
*The wildest oats he champs*
*With glee*
*Washing 'em down with*
*Ooshk-'a-pai*
*Barbecued Earwigs*
*Soused*
*In Tar*
*With Mandrake soup*
*Stewed Palimpsest*
*Popes noses*
*Grilled*
*With Caviare*
*And Toucans Tongues*
*He wolfs with zest,*
*But best of all*
*He loves*
*To munch*
*A Kippered Banshee for*
*His lunch.*

# No 9.

# The Iffysaurus.

"He makes life a gaunt anxiety."

Stealthily and Lively.



p

fz

ff

f

sf

p

sf

p

f

ff

p

f

ff

SNIDE

# The Snide.

*I*
*Know the Riches*
*Of*
*An Ocean Cave*
*Below the opal twilight*
*Of the Sea.*
*But*
*All the Gold*
*And Gems*
*Beneath the Wave,*
*Are nothing*
*For the likes of such*
*As He.*
*He*
*Owns the Wandering Wood*
*Of Cobalt Rats;*
*He keeps*
*A Fourth Dimension in a Cinch;*
*He has the tails*
*Of those Kilkenny Cats*
*Which fought*
*A l'outrance*
*To the final*
*Inch.*
*A Cage*
*Of Attercops*
*Which spit like sin;*
*A differential Calculus*
*- In wine;*
*That Bee*
*That haunts the Bonnet*
*- On a pin,*
*The apples of*
*The Pyban Tree -*
*Are mine.*
*But*
*He has volumes*
*By the Cock*
*And Bull;*
*Also the Star*
*That rounded Tycho's Eye,*
*And Amaltheas Horn*
*- Forever full;*
*And in his cellars*
*-Chained,*
*Are Incubi!*
*My Unicorn*
*Is of a Modish*
*Breed,*
*But He*
*Has eggs*
*From off the mare*
*Her nest.*
*My simple treasures*
*Seem*
*But poor indeed*
*Matched*
*With the Snides*
*And so*
*I gave him best.*

# No. 10.

# The Snide.

But all the Gold and Gems beneath the wave
Are nothing for the likes of such as he.

Poco vivace.

Piano.

ff

3

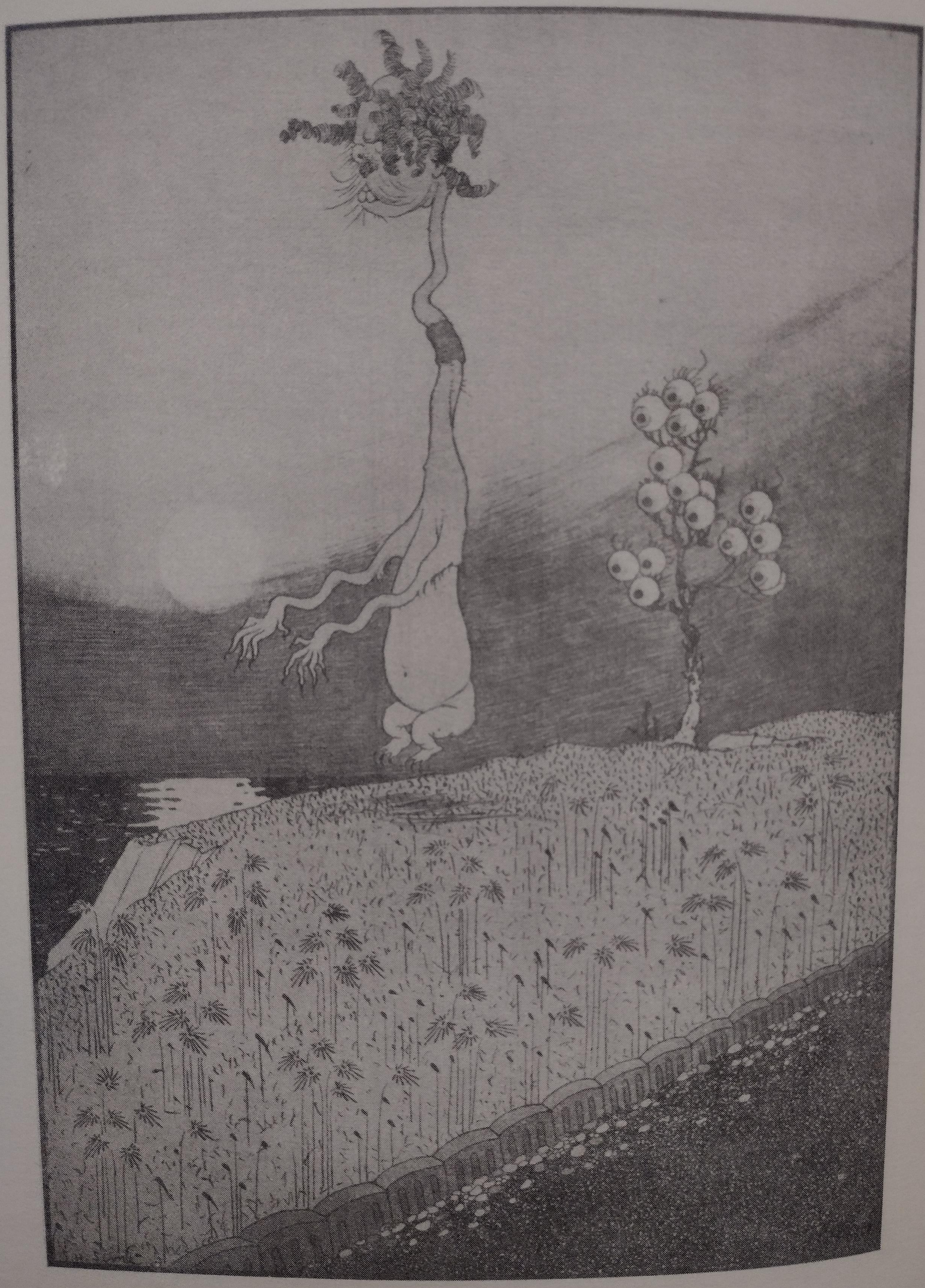
3

p

cresc. - - - -

- accel. - - - - - - -

ff



PST

# The Pst.

*Not for cash*
*Or glory,*
*Nor*
*A conceited whim,*
*No tradition*
*Hoary,*
*A-tittilutes*
*His limb.*
*Not to*
*Please a rabble,*
*Or*
*Charm the caltured few,*
*Or stir up tongues*
*To gabble*
*Of things*
*They never knew.*
*He*
*Finds a place*
*A mile hence*
*A place*
*Devoid of lumps*
*And dances*
*There*
*In silence*
*Because*
*He has "the Jumps!"*
*I would do as he does*
*If I*
*Were just like he;*
*But*
*Would he do*
*What I does,*
*If he*
*Resembled*
*Me.*

# No 11.
# The Pst.

Movement is his music
So dancing is with him
Just a crazy fossick
Ineffable and dim.

Valse time.

Piano.

*f*

(*rit.*)

3

*a tempo*

*f*

*ff*

*rit*

3

*a tempo*

*Vivo.*

*pp leggiero*

*f*

*p*

rit. a

f

tempo

3

rit.

a tempo

Vivo.

p

f rit.

a tempo

ff

# moonlight

# The Moonijim.

*That yesterday*
*Can never be*
*Tomorrow,*
*Fills Moonijim*
*With suicidal sorrow.*
*It obfuscates*
*His brain*
*With Bile,*
*And*
*Spiflicates his spleen,*
*Just to prefer*
*What is*
*Not there,*
*To*
*What has not yet*
*Been.*
*Yet*
*He himself*
*Is neither here*
*Nor yonder;*
*In a remote dimension*
*Doomed*
*To wander.*
*If I*
*Had never been,*
*It would*
*Not bother me*
*I guess:*
*But Moonijims*
*Pamper their whims,*
*Out of sheer*
*Cussedness.*
*They dawdle*
*Only in those outer spaces*
*So far apart*
*From all the other*
*Places,*
*That lie*
*Outside*
*Your furthest thought*
*Between*
*The Is and Not.*
*Oh!*
*Things*
*Crawl there*
*That never dare*
*Seek*
*Any other spot.*

# No 12.

# The Moonijim.

"Yet he himself is neither here— nor yonder?"

Con moto andante.

Piano.

pp sostenuto misterioso

pp espress.

tp

pp espress.

loco.

sf

pp

*Tempo.*

*f* *rit.* *pp*

*Anima.*

*f*

*rit.* *pp*

*rit.* *pp* *Lento*

*Presto* *ppp*

SNAITSH

# The Snaitch.

*You may hear the faint sound*
*Of the Purr,*
*After dark*
*Of the Snaitch*
*By the Vertigo Cliff*
*When the Chissil Bobs*
*Roll*
*Down the slopes of the Park*
*And the Mauthe Dog*
*Is out*
*On the sniff.*
*When the Elephant fell*
*From the Cusp*
*Of the Moon*
*And the Purple-Winged Sybarite*
*Sobbed*
*The impeccable tone*
*Of his humming Bassoon*
*To the tune*
*Of his Baritone*
*Throbbed.*
*He*
*Has sat at the feet*
*Of the elderly Bird.*
*And he knows what*
*The wild Boobi*
*Knew*
*And a great many stunts*
*You might think*
*Were absurd*
*Which I will not relate*
*Unto you.*
*Vulture Hopkins*
*The miser,*
*They say,*
*In his lair*
*Had*
*A pink spotted Snaitch*
*As a pet.*
*And Gwendoline Fair*
*Of the amber bright hair*
*If alive*
*Would be feeding one*
*Yet.*
*Living Snaitches*
*Are scarce,*
*But their fossil debris*
*Might be found*
*By a scrutiny*
*Keen*
*Of the Primaeval Shores*
*On an Eocene Sea*
*Or*
*In slabs*
*Of the old*
*Miocene.*

# No 13.

# The Snaitch.

"Now when you hear him in your Dreams,
Don't start up in a fright,
And shock the household with your screams
Two wrongs won't make a right."

Feroce and fast.

Piano.

ff p

f p

cresc.

f

f ff

f f ff p

PRAPSNOT

# The Prapsnot.

*They have no Prapsnot*
*In*
*The Zoo,*
*And if you ask*
*The Keeper*
*The reason*
*Why?*
*He'll look askew,*
*And slowly*
*Wink his peeper.*
*Then*
*Sorrowfully*
*He will tap*
*Against his nose*
*A finger*
*And say to you, alas!*
*Poor chap!*
*The last one*
*Could not*
*Linger.*
*He faded,*
*Sir!*
*Without a sound*
*In a mysterious manner*
*We did our best*
*To pull*
*Him round*
*But*
*Could not find*
*The spanner.*
*The Llama, Sir!*
*Laments*
*His loss*
*Old Yak*
*He aches with sorrow,*
*I've ordered,*
*Sir!*
*Another gross,*
*They might arrive*
*Tomorrow.*
*Then*
*He will turn away*
*To hide*
*His grief*
*For that lost mammal*
*And squirt some more*
*Insecticide*
*On the Moth eaten Camel.*
*And should his palm*
*Extend*
*Abaft,*
*You may.*
*If you feel willing*
*To help him*
*In his beastly craft,*
*Anoint it*
*With a shilling.*

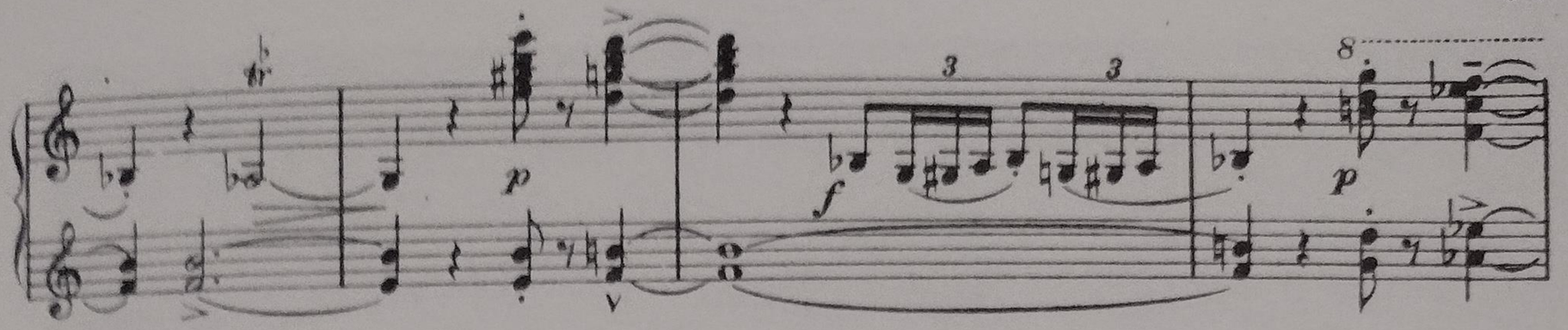
# No. 14.

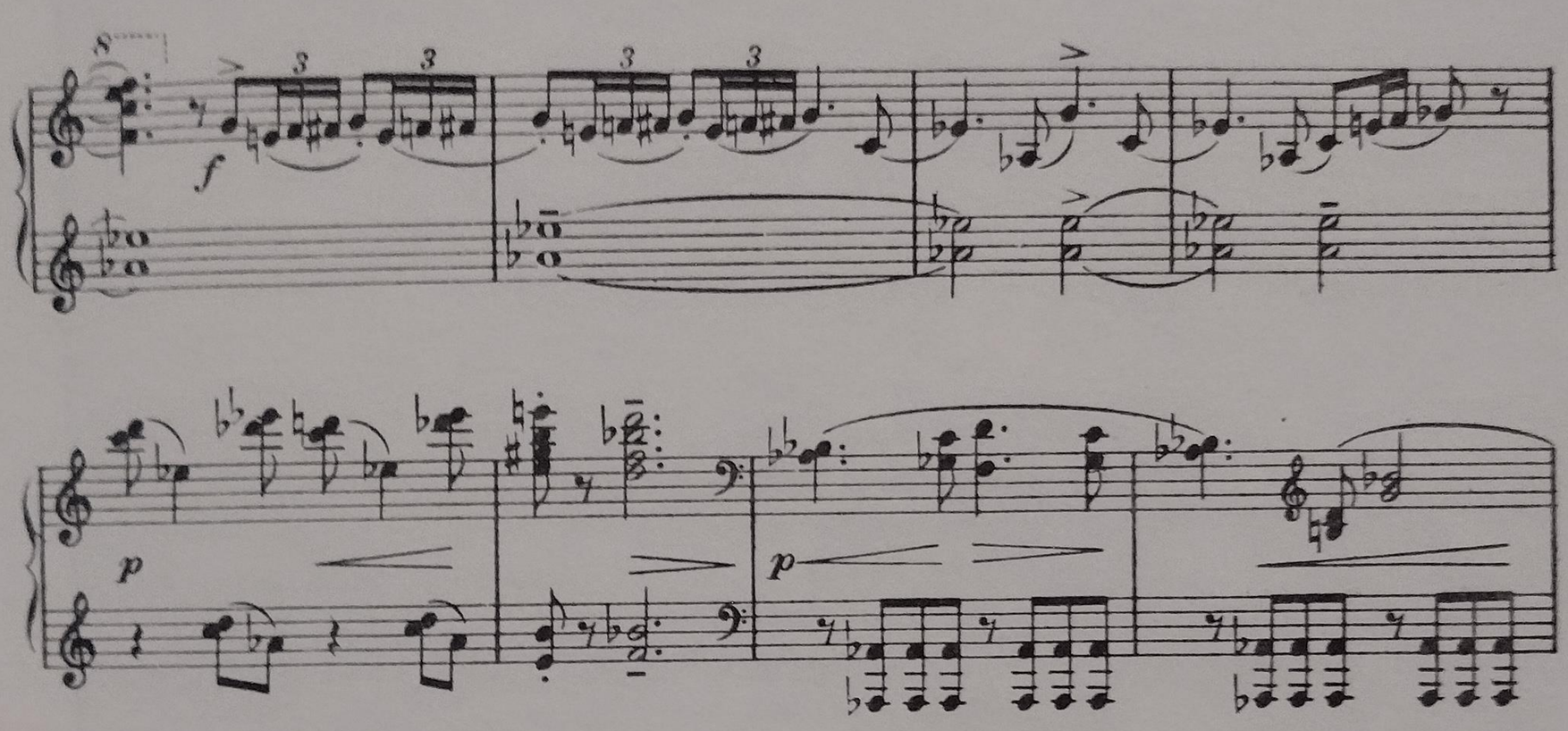
# The Prapsnot.

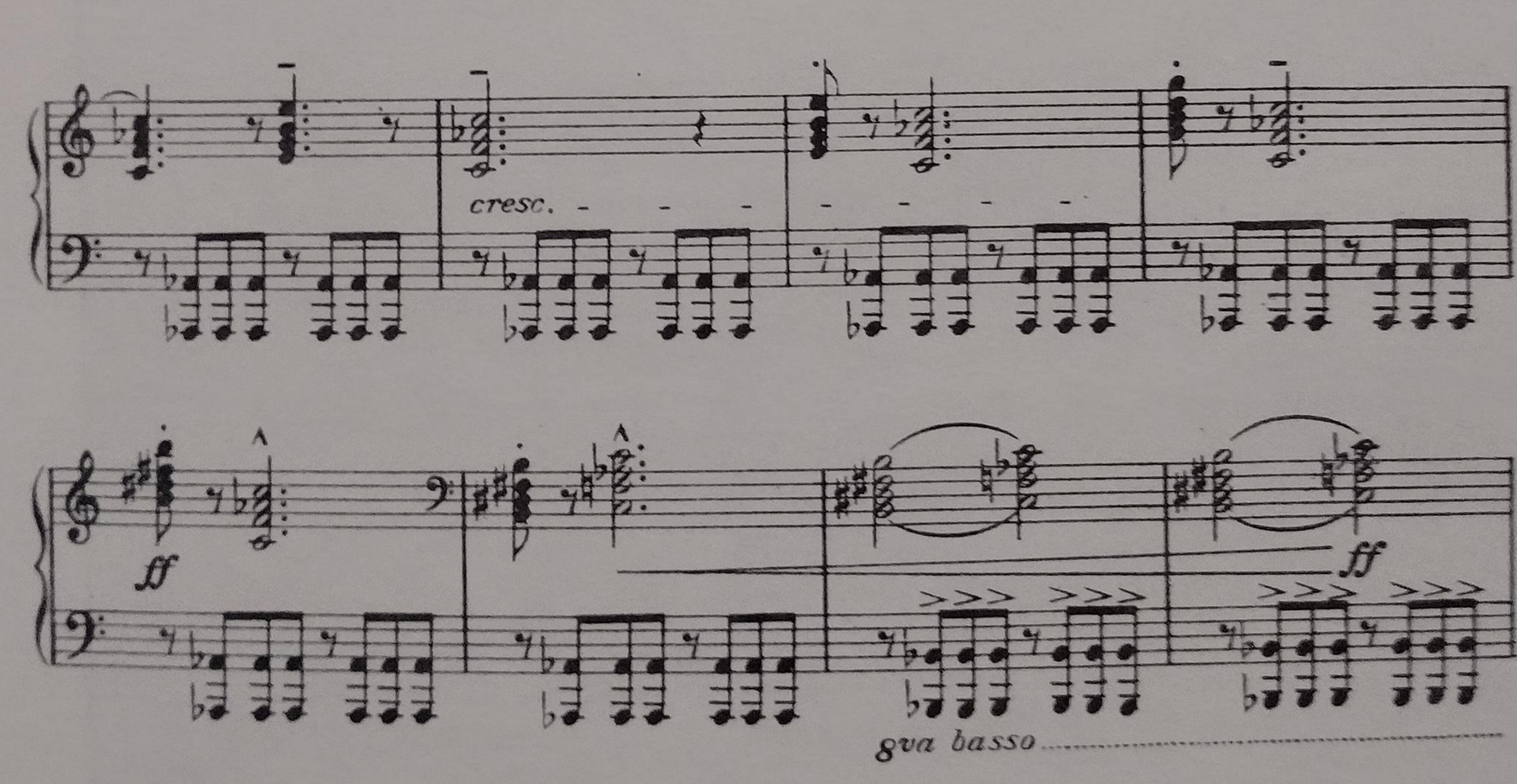
"He faded, sir, without a sound
In a misterious manner
We did our best to pull him round
But could not find the spanner."

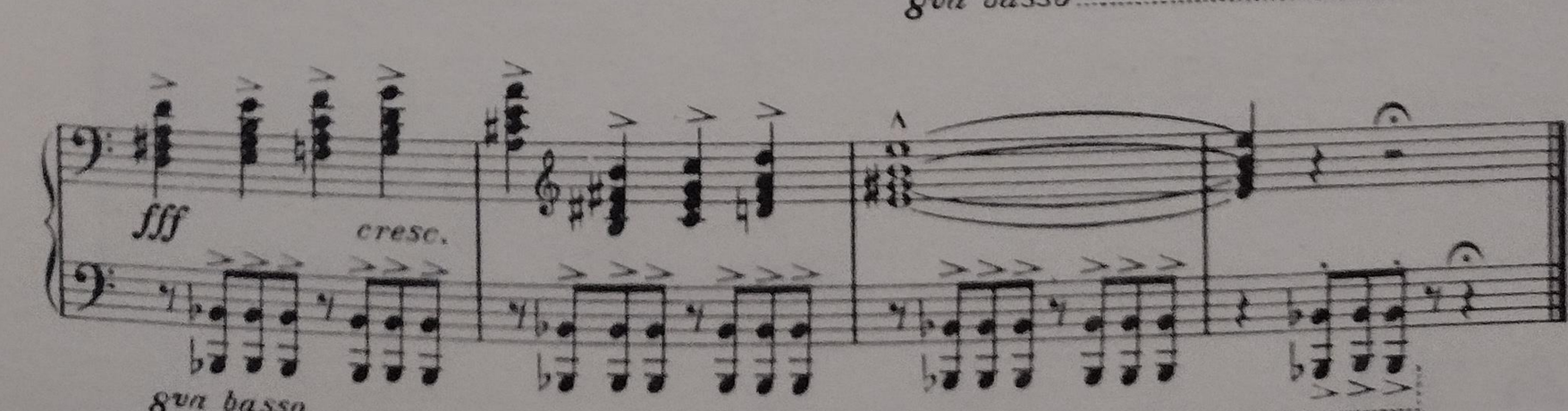
Con moto. *(Carefully.)*

Piano.


p
f
3
3
8
p


8
f
3
3
3
3
p
p


cresc.
ff
ff
8va basso


fff
cresc.
8va basso

TA TA

# The Ta-Ta.

*There is*
*A cosy Kitchen*
*Inside his roomy head*
*Also*
*A tiny bedroom*
*In which*
*He goes to bed*
*So when his walk*
*Is ended*
*And he*
*No more would roam*
*Inside out*
*He turns himself*
*To find*
*Himself*
*At Home.*
*He cleared away his*
*Brain stuff*
*Got pots*
*And pans*
*Galore!*
*Sofas*
*And chairs,*
*And tables,*
*And carpets for*
*The floor.*
*He found his brains*
*Were useless;*
*As many others would*
*If they*
*But tried to use them*
*A great*
*Unlikelihood.*
*He*
*Pays no rent*
*No taxes*
*No use has he*
*For pelf*
*Infested not with servants*
*He plays with work*
*Himself.*
*And when his*
*Chores*
*Are ended*
*And he would*
*Walk about,*
*Outside in he turns*
*Himself*
*To get himself*
*Turned out.*

# No 15.

# Song:- The Ta-Ta.

"He found his brains were useless,
As many others would —
If they but tried to use them?"—

him-self at home. He

cleard a-way his brainstuff; Got pots and pans ga-lore, So-fas chairs and ta-bles and

car-pets on the floor. He found his brains were use-less, as

ma-ny o-thers would If they but tried to use them a

great un-like-ly hood. He

pays no rent no tax - es no use had he for pelf In -

pp

f

- fest - ed not with ser vants he plays with work him - self.

p

cresc.

And when his chores are end - ed and he would walk a -

f

pp

- bout Out - side - in he turns him -

f

3 3

p

rit. Vivo.

- self, To get him - self turned out!

rit. Vivo.